

# media

# 71



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## FOREWORD

*MEDIA is one of the opportunities offered by Palm Beach Junior College for the creative development of its students. A literary magazine, it continually searches for new talent, and it takes pride in presenting as many samples as possible of this talent.*

*Contributions to MEDIA are judged solely by a student editorial board. The board is selected from students interested in writing, volunteers who give their time because they like to work with writers and writing. Each contribution is given a number when it is received in the editorial office, and all material is read and judged by this number. The majority of contributions receive a minimum of two readings, most are read three times. Final selection of material is done by vote.*

*Many worthwhile contributions have been rejected this year because of space limitations. The board respectfully thanks all contributors for their submissions and requests that they try again another year.*



## THE ROAD OF LIFE

The mainstream of life is a crowded,  
hectic highway with soft shoulders.

Defensive driving is important  
so you don't get hurt.

There are many narrow roads which lead  
into the country of relative peacefulness.

There are dark, dead-end alleys  
for those who want to go that way.

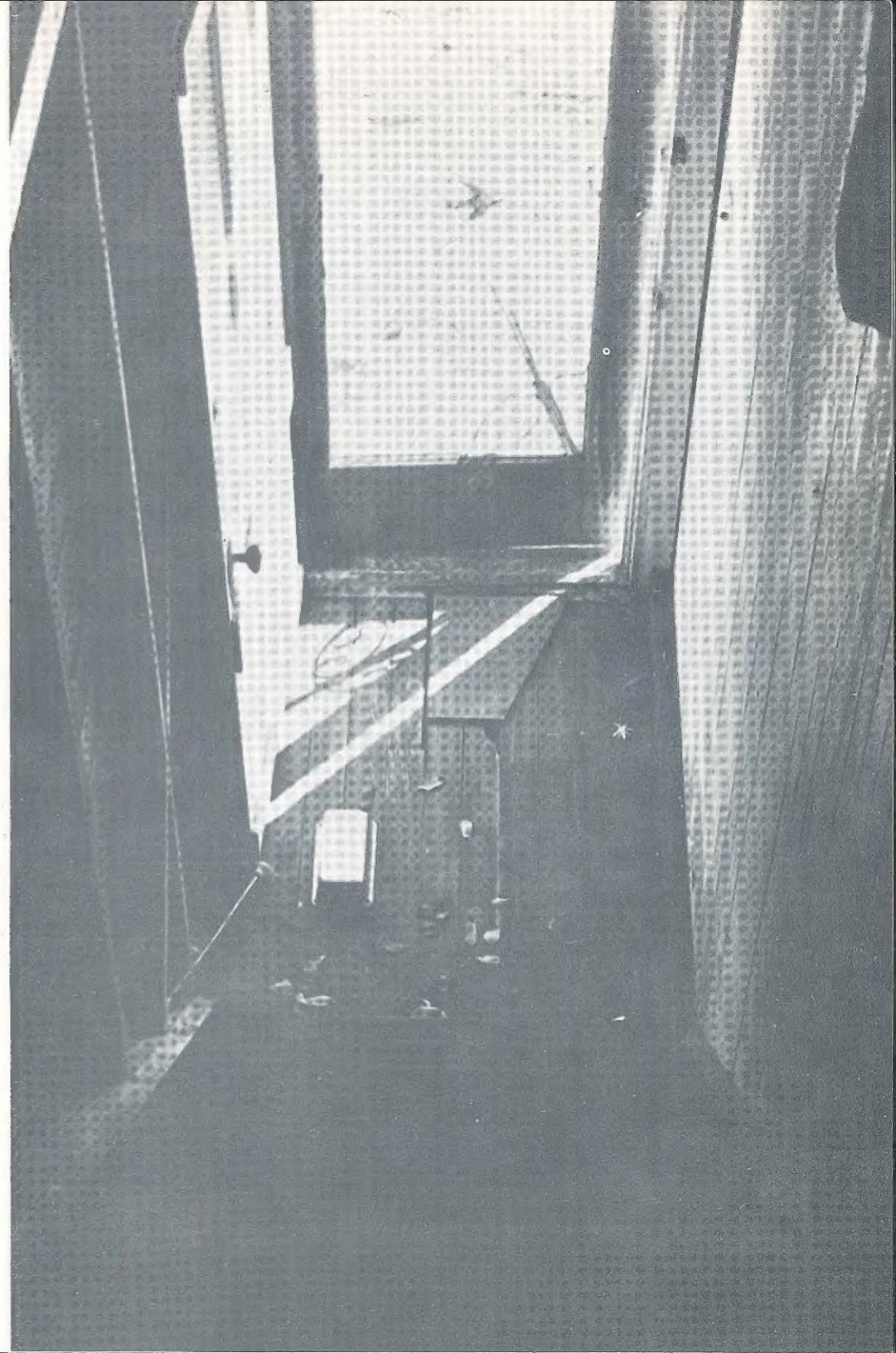
You can't change your mind  
because U-Turns are not allowed here.

When you get very much out of the mainstream  
it's rough going because of secondary maintenance.

Keep your eyes on the road  
and don't read the neon signs.

Joan Berry

Ann Kenny



## DECISIONS, DECISIONS

There are so many things I just don't know;  
To turn right or left; to stop or go;

To use red or pink; orange or blue;  
To buckle, snap, or tie my shoe;

To wear slippers or loafers; sneaks or heels;  
To plan meats or fish for the family's meals;

To eat my fill or start a diet;  
To voice my views or just stay quiet;

To take a shower or take a bath;  
To study History or study Math;

To watch a movie or read a book;  
To go out for dinner or stay home and cook;

Why am I always in the dark?  
'Cause I'm the lonely Question Mark!

—Nancy Havens

## U. S. A.

a hideous legacy  
to dead sons fathered by dead men  
whose blank eyes  
never saw the nightmare of their billboard  
shrouded streets  
whose curious lips  
never named the paradox of our  
defiled "beloved" American values  
whose diseased hands  
sold sweat to an industry for a profit  
whose dependent mind  
rotted for want of use.  
now our cities have covered up  
the sun and stars  
and dreams die in a thousand different ways.

Marcia Bove



## AN AMERICAN DREAM

A child is born  
In innocence and purity—  
A little girl,  
So sweet and nice.  
A school girl—  
Learning about life—  
A graduate  
Poised and sure—  
But as yet untried  
And knowing it!  
A boy! A kiss! A ring!  
Plans and parties—  
Crying and rejoicing—  
A wedding veil  
And rice—  
Honeymoon in June  
Only for to spoon—  
Rose covered cottage—  
But the rose never blooms and  
The roof needs fixing—  
A third one's coming—  
A child is born!

Claire Price





I'm a girl growing up in this  
trying day and age  
In a crowd and yet alone in this  
trying day and age

Like a flower reaching for the rays of the sun  
I'm a person searching for the day I had begun  
Like the leaf's changing patterns turning dull—then to bright  
I have wandered in confusion, happy sadness, questioned fright.

Mirror reflections question me even more  
What is life's REAL purpose?  
How high is my score?

Lonely walking in the night waiting for an answered prayer  
I stop and reflect and go into a stare.  
then

CRYING OUT—  
WHAT IS THIS?  
WHAT IS LIFE?  
WHO AM I?

Will I pass this world unnoticed when my heart has stopped to die?

Is there someone out there reaching for me just like you hope too?  
Will he find and take my hand desiring something good and new?  
Will he hold me very tightly  
or make me slip on by?  
When it's stopped and studied  
will it make me laugh or cry?

Memories and false hopes want to make my mind stand still.

Did he hug me just 'cause I was there?  
Did she say that nice thing to me with her feelings really bare?

A heart once full of laughter  
I stop and look again—  
A heart now filled with sadness  
For so much that's never been.

Wondering what the next day will bring  
Will I awake alive and sing?

Thinking of the days ahead  
Pondering on days which have passed  
Some came too slow—others went too fast.

Crying for being alone with memories, false hopes and dreams  
Sometimes thinking it's all a mass of schemes  
Schemes to engulf me—the taste of bitter tears  
More and more schemes to increase my fears.

Looking around me—seeing nothing, seeing all  
Questioning if there really was a man called Saul

Going to church neither atheist nor believer  
Thinking of how I've used God as a problem reliever  
OH, GREAT GOD, GREAT SPIRIT in the sky!  
Life is so hard at times

TELL ME WHY

Tell me why there is poverty and hate

TELL ME

Will love be too late?

But then—is love the answer to the problems?  
If we ALL love—can we solve them?

Looking all around me  
WHAT do I see

Life as it REALLY is—

Or how it SEEMS to me?

Kathy Romaine

## Me

You say I'm dirty  
But yet I bathe everyday  
You say I'm rebellious  
Because I don't believe what you believe

Don't show me your strength  
For I've seen bigger  
Don't sell me on your ideas  
Show me what's behind them  
Don't tell me this is the way  
For I have seen a better way

Lead me on the way  
But let me go ahead if I can  
Don't tell me I'm too young  
For I'll tell you I die everyday  
And I don't even know why

Show me a reason or a cause  
And I'll gladly die for it  
Don't tell me you have the right  
But tell me why you do and  
I don't

Don't tell me you died harder  
Because dying hasn't changed

Raoul Garcia

## "THE YOUNG GENERATION"

We read in the paper and hear on the air  
Of killing and stealing and crime everywhere.  
We sigh and we say as we notice the trend.  
"This Young Generation" where will it end?  
But, can we be sure that it's their fault alone,  
That may be a part of it isn't our own?  
Are we the less guilty, who place in their way  
Too many things that lead them astray?  
Too much money to spend—too much idle time;  
Too many books not fit to be read;  
Too much evil in what they hear said;  
Too many children encouraged to roam  
By too many parents who won't stay at home.

KIDS DO NOT make the movies, THEY DO NOT write the books  
That paint gay pictures of gangsters and crooks.  
THEY DO NOT make liquor, THEY DO NOT run the bars,  
THEY DO NOT make the laws and THEY DO NOT buy the cars.  
THEY DO NOT PEDdle THE DRUGS THAT ADDLE THE BRAIN;  
That's usually done by OLDER FOLKS—GREEDY FOR GAIN.  
DELINQUENT TEENAGER! Oh, how we condemn  
The sins of a nation and blame it on them,  
By the laws of the blameless, the Savior made known  
Who is there amongst us who will cast the first stone?  
For in so many cases—it's sad, but it's true,  
The title "DELINQUENT" fits older folks, too.

—Bill Miller



## Thoughts of my Soul

You have hurt me  
To the bounds of misery.  
My thoughts are wrapped in a cloud  
    Of confusion.  
I know not where to turn  
    But to you—  
And you fail me.  
  
My love for you carries a faint glimmer,  
Which, if cared for, will shine brighter  
    Than any light  
    Your soft brown eyes ever gazed upon.  
At this moment the glare is growing,  
    Burning,  
    Waiting for you.  
  
I prove to you my strength to forgive,  
    But you walk away empty.  
The other whose form has entered our lives—  
You turn your head his way  
    And stare.  
    So new  
My life's blood runs cold.  
  
My only road for escape  
    Carries no passengers,  
    A lonely road.  
Each time I take a step in its direction,  
    You call to me  
    And speak with me.  
I set my thoughts upon the ground before me,  
    And you look.

You make my soul believe in you—  
I unpack my emotions.  
But as I lie with you  
    And caress you,  
Your eyes drift to the intruder's form.  
    He, just standing,  
    Waiting,  
    Watching,  
    For you?

So now, my love,  
I say to you in view of this  
    I pack my memories.  
To where I go, I know not.  
An empty road lies before me,  
    But you,  
You care not much.  
I forget—  
    I love—  
    I search.

—H. Martin Hahn





## THOUGHTS ON A LONELY DAY

Sometimes

Life is so painful that I don't want it anymore.

But—where would I be without it?

Life is Love—

But—what is love?

Does anyone ever really love?

Life is learning—

But learning hurts too.

So where does that leave me?—In pain.

But—

Who am

I?—A girl, a woman.

Sometimes,

perhaps.

—A child learning to live and think of others,  
which brings me back to love.

I think, love is  
wanting someone else's happiness  
more than your own.

To love is to free.

—Laura Ware

Cathy McMichael



### DISCOVERY OF LOVE

A body that decays in an empty depression,  
A childless mother, a nightless day, a Godless heaven.  
You silently pass through forever.  
Destitution gives an aching strength.  
A strength to find that one being who realizes your existence.  
All souls must be extracted from the endless pain of loneliness.  
Search, grasp to find the anxiety that tears at you strongly.  
I know, because  
I ached, I cried, I searched, and  
I found.

Donna Ryan





## SOLUTION

Guy's eyes,  
Passionate sighs,  
Love.

Night flight,  
Peaceful sight,  
Dove.

Passionate Love,  
Peaceful Dove,  
All we need now,  
Is a little shove!

—Nancy Havens

## Miss Shake

Just over yonder  
In that shack by the lake  
Lived a man an' his daughter  
Name a Miss Sarah Shake.  
They say she's no beauty  
Kinda homely 'n plain  
An' she's scared of her Daddy  
They say he's insane.

He'd beat her and leave her  
locked up late at night  
An' folks in this town  
They know that ain't right.

But no one goes near them  
They jus' ain't our kind  
They don't bother us an'  
We don't pay them no mind.

No one never sees Mr. Shake  
'cept at night  
When he comes down the road  
Just ararin' to fight.

He says we been after  
His daughter again  
I haven't seen Sarah  
Since she was just ten.

An' for years after Ol'  
Mr. Shake had passed on  
We saw nothing of Sarah  
Some said she was gone.

But Miss Parker, my neighbor  
Took food in sometime  
Said the way this town acted  
was simply a crime.

An' one night in September  
I heard someone scream  
From then on the night  
was just like a bad dream.

Just outside my window  
I heard someone cryin'  
Miss Parker was sayin'  
It's Sarah, she's dyin'.

I went in that shack  
An' I heard someone groan  
There lay the most beautiful  
girl I had known.

I spoke to her softly  
Don't know what I said  
But after a minute  
Miss Shake, she was dead.

So ya see, over yonder  
In that shack by the lake  
Lived a man and his daughter  
And my biggest mistake.

Janet Lenz



### geographic love

He is The South,  
The stable, never-changing South.  
With blue, ocean eyes,  
a lazy summer smile,  
and hair the color of golden sunshine.  
Independent and proud, he stands tall,  
as the slender palm.  
With a brightness and warmth  
that is, occasionally, broken by  
a hurricane-like temper.

She is The North,  
The unpredictable North.  
With chestnut brown hair,  
and eyes the color of autumn leaves.  
Changing as the seasons change  
From sunny and warm, to cloudy and cold.  
She stands rooted, like the oak,  
branching out,  
reaching for him.

Janet Lenz



## I Hear Music

I hear music when a sanpan swishes,  
Harmonious music when a young girl wishes,  
Sensational music when thoughts play with my soul,  
There must be music when death takes its toll.  
God plays music when the dawn slowly comes,  
People like music when it's easily sung.  
Spiders spin music that's beautifully spun,  
Music, oh music! My life's song is sung!!

Farrell Smith

## I used to love

I used to love a summer's day  
and lived only for the sun;  
I'd watch it rise and side by side  
across the beach we'd run.

I used to love to watch the rain  
as it purified the earth;  
It would drive away my troubled thoughts  
and give my mind new birth.

And once I loved to count the stars,  
trying to pretend  
That each was shining just for me  
and was my distant friend.

So many things I used to love  
and I guess maybe I still do;  
But they're not as important since the day  
I fell in love with you.

—Karen Clinton

## The Perfect Love

There are many different boys  
with many different faces  
they have different personalities  
and come from different places.

There are short boys and tall boys  
thin boys and fat  
but the boy I fall in love with  
won't look at all like that.

Of course, he won't be perfect  
I wouldn't want him to  
but I just know his eyes will be  
green, or brown, or blue.

His hair, I know, will have to be  
blond, or black, or brown  
and I'll just bet he'll always smile  
or else he'll wear a frown.

His hair will be so curly  
unless, of course, it's straight  
he might be short or very tall  
whatever was his fate.

He might be a millionaire  
or he might not have a dollar  
he'll be a high school drop-out  
or else he'll be a scholar.

He may not seem too different  
but in one way he will be  
cause the boy I'll be in love with  
will be in love with me.

—Janet Lenz



Tom Swartzbaugh

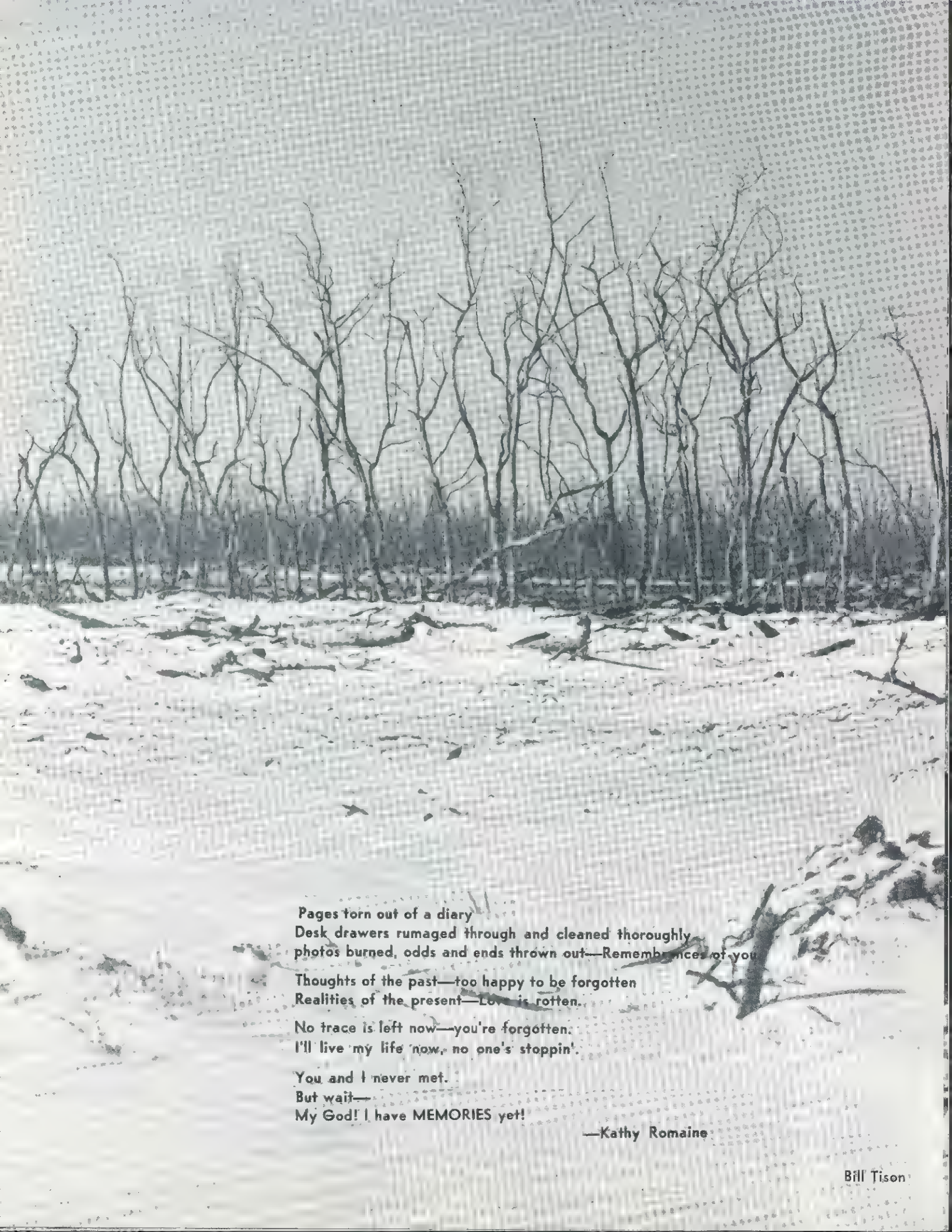




## Sacrifice

The beginning of not being forever able  
to lift your eyes  
to the twisted image of  
a mirrored reflection  
of your own growing  
erupting rebellious hatred  
A giving-up of what you  
have always been programmed  
to want (for all mankind)  
not wanting to be any part of  
that super ten percent  
a longing for newness  
not new things  
but a lack of things  
you always had  
believing and knowing  
you never really needed them

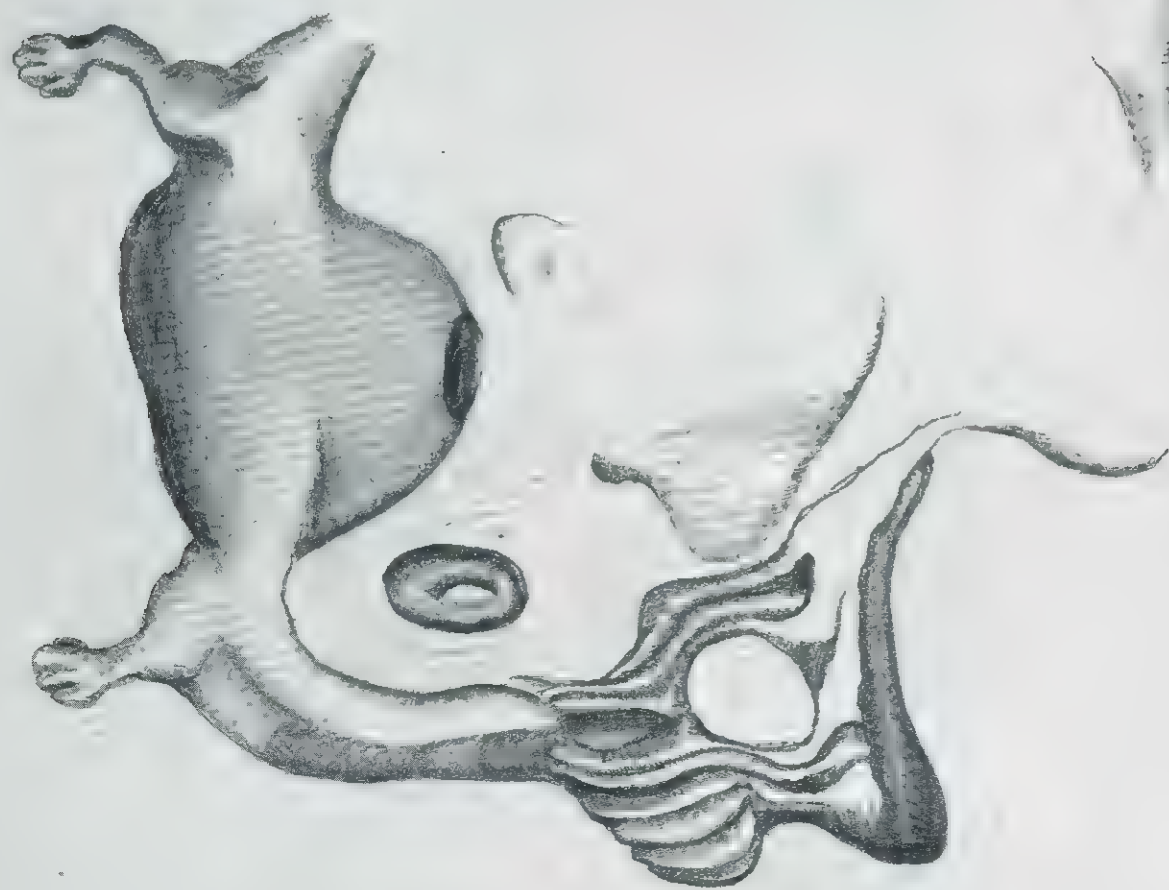
Ed George



Pages torn out of a diary  
Desk drawers rumaged through and cleaned thoroughly  
photos burned, odds and ends thrown out—Remembrances of you  
Thoughts of the past—too happy to be forgotten  
Realities of the present—Love is rotten  
No trace is left now—you're forgotten  
I'll live my life now, no one's stoppin'  
You and I never met.  
But wait—  
My God! I have MEMORIES yet!

—Kathy Romaine





## Love

Leave Me Alone

Let me Go my Way

Surely You Couldn't Want Me

I'll only Cause You Pain

Raoul Garcia

## He Doesn't Love Me Anymore

He doesn't love me anymore

I've got to face that fact

Our romance just expired

It's not a life contract

Last night while we were walking

I saw it in his eyes

All the things he's told me

I know now, were just lies.

Now he has a new love

and I hope he's satisfied

I hope their laughter will make up

for all the nights I've cried.

With a painted smile upon my face

and a heavy, broken heart,

I'll face the world tomorrow

and make a brand new start.

I'll show them I don't really care

and that I'm glad I'm free

And nobody will know the truth

Except, of course, for me.

—Janet Lenz



## FICKLE

Oh, I remember when I could never stop saying "I love you."  
It was when I was young and you were foolish.  
My heart was a silent artist that painted all the swirling colors  
Of the rainbow, when just standing near you.  
I wanted you to care for me a little bit, and for one second of my life  
I know you did.  
Now I wish the strokes of the brush would stop, and leave the canves to  
Be forgotten

Donna Ryan

## Don't Break My Proverbial Heart

It never ceases to amaze me how the heart got so closely related to love.

I wonder how many arrows the little cherub known as Cupid has shot into the poor involuntary muscle? By the way, how many times have you heard the expression: "You broke my heart?" Certainly if this were the case, a transplant would be necessary after a very ill-fated love affair.

Granted, the heart is a nice organ to have around, but why should this already overworked, quadruple-cavities muscle bear the brunt of mankind's more passionate feelings?

If, for example, the correlation between love and another organ had been drawn way back when, we could be saying things like: "You lacerated my liver and upset my metabolism." Or perhaps a little deeper into the anatomy: "You permeated my pancreas and now I have indigestion." How about: "You've split my spleen and now I can't coagulate." Think how forlorn your lover will feel when you attack him with the unforgettable utterance, "You've torn my trachea and I'm turning blue."

On second thought, I think perhaps I am in favor of the old adages concerning the heart.

Even if emotions and the heart are not synonymous, a wayward love affair would not end in torture; it would enjoy a hasty death.

—Farrell Smith



## REJECTED

Hidden in the dark blanket of night  
I sit alone with only enough strength to remember hurt.  
What is a grain of sand to a mountain or a serious heart  
To a wanderer?  
Nothing.  
I was a grain of sand, soon to be scattered by the wind.  
A restless wind.

Donna Ryan

Kenneth Kamp



## A Two Character Play

(Scene: Life is standing; Death is prone.)

Life: I come here to watch the sky. This place is known for its cloud patterns, little puffs of smoke that form images; they change from moment to moment. A moment; what is a moment? An unknown measure of time. I come here to watch the clouds form patterns in the sky. Sometimes I think I recognize them, sometimes I can't, and sometimes they change so quickly, I don't even see them. Why do I stand here watching these cloud patterns pass by? I stand here sometimes till I ache, because I want to find one, just one cloud pattern that is real. Sometimes I see what I think looks like a horse; someone else says its not a horse but a cow; and still another says its not a horse nor a cow, but a dog with long pointed ears. I come here to watch the sky and the puffs of cloud patterns because I want to find one, just one that is real.

Let me tell you about the first time I arrived here, the very first moment I cried. I cried because I was spanked. I knew from that moment that this place would be hostile to me. I cry, and before I can cry I must laugh, and before this I must cry again. This is what this place is all about? Standing till you ache watching little puffs of clouds form patterns in the sky? You laugh then cry, then do it all over again. What is in between?

Death: I am in between. I am in a place where I come to rest, when I grow tired of watching the sky. I come here when I sleep, when I am satisfied, when time is wasted. Time is never wasted in this place, because time here is eternal. This is why there is fear in this place. There are no tears nor laughter to make tears, just rest, peaceful rest, an eternity of rest. An eternity; what is an eternity? An unknown measure of time. Here I cannot see the sky, and the puffs of clouds forming patterns that look like a horse, that could be a cow or a dog with pointed ears. This place has nothing but darkness, and there is fear in darkness, because darkness is something you do not see; it is something you feel. Light asks the questions, darkness gives the answers, and so it is the other way around. I ask a question; which has the most curiosities — the light or the darkness?

Life: What a stupid question!

Death: Questions are always stupid because they lead to other questions. You should know that.

Life: Why should I know it?

Death: Because you are full of questions. I shall ask one.

Life: Which is what?

Death: Why is your place desired over my place? Here there is no pain nor sorrow. Only rest and peace.



Life: Your price is very high. I only ask for a moment, you ask for eternity.

Death: A moment? An eternity? There is no difference; they are both an unknown measure of time.

Life: How can you compare a moment with eternity?

Death: Here we go again—questions, questions, questions! You are always full of questions.

(QUICKLY)

Life: And you; you ask none?

Death: None!

Life: Some?

Death: None!

Life: One?

Death: One? Maybe some.

(BACK TO REGULAR TEMPO)

Life: You avoid answers; I ask again. How can you compare a moment with an eternity?

Death: Let me see; you speak of yourself in moments, and I, I am an eternity. There is no difference.

Life: What?

Death: They are both an unknown measure of time. One man's moment is another man's eternity. Today you may be a moment of truth, tomorrow an eternity of nothingness.

Life: (Angrily) I don't know why I always try to reason with you.

Death: You reason with me every day because you love me.

(QUICKLY)

Life: I hate you!

Death: Love!

Life: Hate!

Death: Love!

Life: Hate!

(NORMAL TEMPO)

Death: What's the difference? They are both the same. The fact is you can't exist without me.

Life: And you without me. Nothing can exist without another . . . (moment) . . . I must make a confession.

Death: Why is it when you speak to me it is always a confession?

Life: (lovingly) Sometimes I crave to visit you; sometimes I even beg to see you.

Death: You can be so sweet. I can't bear to see you suffer. That's why I embrace you from time to time. Everytime I hold you in my arms another sorrow is gone.

Life: Yes, you are a comfort for me. At this moment I do love you. I do.

Death: (raises up) Come, come to me. I feel your heart is heavy with grief. Let me take it away.

Life: Yes . . . Look . . . look at the sky . . . the clouds are making patterns. What is it? Is it a horse? A cow? Or a dog with pointed ears.

Death: Why does it matter? Come closer to me; let me embrace you.

Life: Yes, another moment is gone.

(THEY EMBRACE, WITH THE KISS OF DEATH.)

Henry Villate

## Cage 7

"Which one is he?"

"The little one, over there in the corner."

Jeff watched Joey's finger as he pointed out the smallest puppy in the kennel, and probably the ugliest. His long, shaggy hair was an off-white with spots of brown scattered every here and there. His tail was twice as long as his body and when he walked he stepped on his own ears. When he heard Joey's familiar whistle, his tail beat so hard he nearly knocked himself over and his short little legs hurried over to meet him.

"What's his name?" Jeff asked. He was trying to look very serious as he watched the silly-looking puppy trip over an ear.

"He doesn't have one. Not yet, anyway." Joey was whispering now as if he were not talking to his friend but to the tiny dog whose sad face was poking through a hole in the huge steel fence that surrounded him. Hanging on the fence was an old sign which said "Cage 7."

"Why do they lock things up?" Joey asked. He was always asking questions that Jeff could not answer. But he never really expected an answer. He was scratching the puppy's head and talking to him very softly.

"We'd better get going, Joe. It's getting pretty late." Jeff knew how much the dog meant to Joey, but he also knew that there was a rule against having dogs at the orphanage. Joey was always doing things against the rules. Other than Jeff, he had no friends. The other boys were never there long enough for Joey to get to know them. There was always someone who wanted a son badly enough to adopt one, but no one seemed to want Joey. He had been an orphan for nearly eight years now. His mother had left him at the orphanage just a few weeks after his birth and then disappeared.

His father was gone long before he was born. The only thing they had to identify him was a slip of paper which said "Joey." Of course, Joey could not remember any of this, and nobody ever bothered to tell him about it. He often wondered why he had just one name. Jeff told him that he did have a last name but nobody knew what it was. Joey wondered why his life was so different from the lives of other boys. He also wondered about the big fence that surrounded his home. It was very much like the fence that stood between Joey and the dog.

"Joey, did you hear what I said?"

Joey did not answer. He slowly stood up and the two boys started home.

"If I were rich I would buy a huge farm. And all the dogs and cats and children that nobody else wanted would all come and live with me. And there wouldn't be any fences. Would you like to come and live with me, Jeff?"

This time Jeff did not answer. He was thinking about all the money he had earned last summer, more than enough to pay for a dog. They could keep him in the basement at night and let him run loose during the day. He was sure they could get enough scraps from the kitchen to feed a dog as small as that. No one would ever have to know.

The next morning was beautiful. As Joey walked through the pound, he still could not believe what Jeff had told him. The little puppy was going to be his. He stopped in front of the big cage and whistled. His dog was not there.

"Where's my dog?" Joey demanded. He had never spoken to the big man who ran the kennels before, but this was an exception. He had to find his dog.

"Well, that all depends," the man smiled.

"Which dog's yours?"

"The little one. He was in this cage."

"Oh, cage seven. We're not supposed to keep the dogs longer than seven days. We had to put a couple to sleep this morning. Your dog must have been one of them."

Joey could feel the tears rolling down his cheeks. He thought about the farm he would never have. He thought about all the unwanted and unloved animals and children in the world and suddenly he wished they were all in cage seven. He wished that he was in cage seven.

—Janet Lenz





Sour  
lemons  
make you  
pucker up.

So  
do  
kisses.

may  
be  
they  
go together.

Dawna

Dehart Cross

## A LESSON

Stop. Why are you fighting?  
Are you above understanding?  
Is compassion only child's play?

Remember the sparrow  
you nursed back to health years ago  
when we were ignorant children?

Please, why have you changed?  
Tell me so I can be like you.  
Don't be selfish, share your secret.

That's right, now I understand.  
Tenderness is for the children.  
Now we are grown and must go fight.

Joan Berry

## The Masquerade

The spark, suppressed, evolves into a flame  
A moment's flush tells tale of his delight,  
This whisper of unguarded truth—struck dumb  
By words that his advent to her reflects  
Some whim to contemplate the view.

Her eager eye detects his compliment,  
Boosts her morale . . . a smile escapes her lips,  
A flash her eyes, before she paints herself  
All counterfeit. Responds with coy restraint:  
Beguile, deceive, delude . . .  
The masquerade begins.

Wendy Bogue

Shari Shreiner





If it isn't always easy  
to say what you are

it could be:  
that one certain label won't fit you.

It's the combination that counts:  
you playing shrink after a bad day  
or pretending you understand  
my stoned jibberish  
and making me feel a little more together

just being there.

Dawne

Tattered blankets  
Teddy Bears  
Toys and games  
To lessen fears  
Windows with locks  
Doors with chains  
Curtains closed  
While your life's arranged  
Denise Boehm

Uncomplicated by man's complexities  
Untouched by man's hurting hand.  
Deaf to man's gossip  
Blind to his ugliness  
Honest and simple  
I am what I am—  
A Child  
Forever.

Denise Boehm





## STONEHENGE

Gaunt fingers thrusting upward,  
Pointed into the infinite sky,  
As in centuries long forgotten,  
Begging man's immemorial "Why?"

Bleak atop the desolate downlands,  
Still appealing the ancient question  
Silent and stark on the windswept plain,  
Haunting each generation of men.

Human monument and entreaty  
Reaching up to the endless unknown,  
Daring the mute, mysterious heavens  
Mocking man's masterpieces in stone.

Gaunt giant fingers thrusting upward,  
On through darkness, lightning and rain—  
Symbol of man's stout searching spirit—  
Silent and stark on the windswept plain.

Eleanor Myatt

## ODE TO PUBLIC EDUCATION

Shrouded empty laughter flows from the  
darkened room;  
The icy glares of mindless souls illuminate  
an aged volume suspended by a steel rope  
in the middle of the chamber.  
The ancient book spins slowly with wisps  
of dust trailing from its frayed edges.  
The nebulous creatures present surround the  
text encircling it,  
and watch and wait forever.

Monte Abramson

Susan Wagner



## A GRIM TALE

"Mommy, Mommy! Look! Over here—what is that, Mommy?" Suzie was pulling her mother over to the weird looking display in the Everglades Natural History Museum.

"Just a moment, dear. I have to turn up the volume on my audio control."

The two of them, mother and child, were standing—each lost in her own thoughts. The little girl was enthralled and enchanted by the displays. Here was one—encased in a structure carefully designed for the control of atmospheric conditions. There was green—like a miniature carpet—growing—actually growing in strands! When you stood away it looked like a green carpet, but as you got up closer, you could see each individual blade—and among the green were little colored flowers. Real ones!

Suzie had seen pictures of flowers, but these were the first ones she had ever seen that were really alive and really growing! Suzie saw the animals, too. These were not alive, but were stuffed. They did look real though. They were so pretty. There was a black and red and yellow snake basking on a rock. And the birds! The wonderfully colored birds—they almost looked alive. Here was one with a bit of grass in his beak, building his nest in a tree—yes, a tree. And there was water—clear water running in a stream through the grass. Suzie imagined herself real real tiny—she was running through that grass and looking up, up, up at the huge tree—straight up all the way to the top—and the sky was the softest shade of blue ever!

Of course, Suzie had seen animals before—the problem of Rat Control was really getting quite out of hand all over the city. Just this morning Suzie had seen another TV program about it.

Suzie's mother stood there and the miniature glade brought back memories of when she was very young. The Everglades wasn't a museum then, but a vast expanse of natural wilderness. Her parents had taken her there a few times and she had seen all the animals running free—and alive! She could remember the sounds of the birds—the chirp of one, the whistle of another, and the caw of the crow. She could even remember the big old ugly alligator who had lived in the pond.

It was time to leave now—they had to stop on the way home and do a few errands. They had to stop at the Breath Store and get all of their oxygen tanks refilled. Suzie's mother sighed as she remembered that when she was a girl, the only people who used oxygen tanks were skin divers—that too was a thing of the past. No living thing could enter the waters now! Of course, now the tanks were a necessary part of life—everyone must carry his supply of oxygen, for there was simply no other way to breathe. And the scientists had not yet found a drug to enable the human system to convert carbon monoxide back into life-giving oxygen.

Suzie's mother remembered other things, too—she remembered the days when people could talk to one another without amplifiers, and when you didn't have to wear the tanks and helmets. She remembered when you could go outdoors and look up at the blue skies and go for a walk and even hear the silence of nature. She even remembered a bad time—when she was around eight years old—there was a near disaster! It was summer—the entire country had been in the throes of a heat wave, and as a result, inversion had settled heavily over most of the big cities. People did not know how



to cope with it and a great many people died or got ill. Funny, how you got used to things—inversion was constant now and the oxygen tanks and plexiglass helmets were just a part of life.

Suzie had probably never seen a blue sky—O, once in a while it got sort of grey instead of the constant black, but never did the sky turn blue. Real daylight was unknown now.

Entire cities were enclosed in gigantic domes and lit with electricity twenty four hours a day—powered by the vast atomic power plant. This was one of the reasons that there was not life in the sea. Though now instead of having to heat your house water for washing you had to refrigerate it for drinking and cooking. It did make it easier to heat the house in the winter, as all you had to do was to pipe the naturally hot water through the house.

Suzie's mother also could recall the days when you could take a plane up to New England and see the breathtaking beauty of the forests in all of their colorful splendor—or drive to Maryland and see the miles and miles of gently rolling hills green hills. Not now! Now from Key West to Bar Harbor, Maine was one vast never ending network of city. People, cars, machines, concrete. Miles and miles and miles of concrete. Seas of it stretching forever in every direction. East to the coastline; west—maybe all the way to California; north to Canada and beyond; south to the keys. And up. Riding over the city in a plane, all you could see were towers of concrete reaching ever and ever higher into the sky!

By now Suzie and her mother were in their atomic car inching their way homeward on the always crowded autoway.

RRRingg!! The phone rang out in the quiet vehicle. Suzie picked it up. "Hello, Daddy, we are on our way home. We just have to stop at the Breath Store. When will you get home, Daddy?"

"Well, hone, that's why I'm calling. Our plane is in a holding pattern of the Glades Jetport. We won't be able to land for another couple of hours, so I'm going to go ahead and grab supper up here. You and Mom better eat without me. Tell Mom to call Joe at the Copter Center and ask him to have my copter ready for me at the Jet-port at 7:30. If the air traffic from the Glades to the house isn't too heavy, I should be home before 8:30."

"O.K., Daddy, goodbye. O, Daddy, today we went to the Glades Natural History Museum and we saw so many things! Mommy says that when you and her were little things were like that all over! Were they really, Daddy? It was so pretty!"

"Yes, angel, it was pretty. I'm glad you had a good day. I'll see you later. So long, now."

—Claire Price

## All the Tomorrows

Hate and Confusion are the words  
we use  
Love and peace are people we don't  
see

Together we could arrange it  
But that would be too much  
pain

For without Hate  
How Could we tell Love  
And without confusion  
How could we tell peace

Raoul Garcia

## TIME

Take time  
to look at yourself  
make time  
to see what you are  
leave me for a minute to think about  
what you  
are doing to me

—Ed George

## PROMISES

I wove them together  
The dark and the light,  
With strands I had made,  
Some sombre some bright;  
The pattern I wrought  
Was eternally true  
But most of it not  
What I'd promised to do.  
Each year it's the same  
As the old dies away,  
I promise to do better  
As day follows day;  
Just give me a chance Lord,  
This year seventy-one  
I'll make everything right,  
And earn Thy—WELL DONE!

Dr. Sidney H. Davis





### "The Lonely Sea"

Her waves gently lap the sand  
Making it cool and damp.  
She is still  
And silent  
And lonely.

The seagulls know it.  
They fly slowly over the ocean  
And call to her:  
"Do not be lonely!  
"For we are here  
And will comfort you."

The wind knows it—  
They whisper to her:  
"We will cool you during the day  
And sing to you at night."

So the sea lives on.  
She is lonely  
But she is comforted  
And all is still.

Carol Flanner

### The Changing Tide

I stood upon the lonely beach  
as the day came to its close  
With the taste of salt upon my tongue  
and the sand between my toes.

With the moon's reflection on the waves  
my mind began to roam  
The loneliness I felt that night  
made me wish that I were home.

So I built myself a castle  
with a city all around  
Then a little further down the beach  
another little town.

And soon I had three countries  
then four, then five, then six  
And to think that I had built it all  
of sand, and stones, and sticks.

In no time at all I'd built a world  
with walls around each side  
And everything was beautiful  
and then, there came the tide.

And when the tide had rolled away  
I heard a sea gull scream  
I looked with sad and weary eyes  
at the ruins of my dream.

—Janet Lenz





## NEVER WALK ALONE

As I walk the sands  
of a beautiful beach  
and the sun is low in the sky  
I hear a gull's solemn word—  
his forever lonely cry  
And I too walk alone  
across the barren land  
With waves ringing in my ears  
and echoing in the sky  
The crabs, the gull's, the sharks  
and I  
Alone except for God  
I walk, and walk, and walk some more  
until the change of tide  
A never ending strip of beach  
beautiful but yet forlorn  
An no one can ever preach of a greater lasting peace  
It's a place to think  
and be yourself  
But only when alone  
And alas I'm sorry but it's true  
even a hermit needs a home

NALUNDBERG '71



blade of grass I stand  
in the immortal epic of time  
I only have two hands  
and only one mind  
fixed in place am I  
stoic as a rock  
and from a nearby limb

dangles a perpetual clock

seasons never end

life and death go by  
and flowing in the wind

the breath of God

that whistles in the sky

heaves a haunting sigh.

Ron Gelman

Ed George

when cold comes . . .  
and you can feel it  
under your feet.  
say a kind word  
to a brick  
you know  
one that's  
imprisoned in a wall  
just look at them  
each an individual unit  
but smothered out of individuality  
by the total existence  
of the whole

You with your strong, firm convictions,  
You with your jangles and beads,  
Ichin' for places sweet,  
Take me inside of your heart.  
Let me walk the trails of your woods.  
Take me down to your sea.  
Abide the tide in you,  
I want to stay in your heart.

—Dee Rossello  
Raoul Garuci

**Here and Now**  
Punch the Clock  
Beat your Brother  
Love His Wife  
But Destroy his Children  
Walk Around  
Look Around  
It's All a Waste  
There is no Tomorrow  
Only Yesterdays

**PROBLEM FIGURE?**  
Ice cream; candy; chocolate cake; apple pie,  
All look so pleasing to the hungry eye.  
The "tire"; obesity; fatness; and bulge,  
Just a few reasons why not to indulge!  
Nancy Havens

Towers fall  
buildings crumble  
but TRUTH stands alone in the ruin  
Truth is goodness  
and a truthful man is wise  
only a fool lies  
and a fool lies to himself  
A man may die  
but his truthfulness  
is everlasting.

Ron Gelman

**READY FOR REDUCING**  
When's the time to start your diet?  
That's the time to start your diet!  
Nancy Havens

**I KNOW IT!**  
a fish is just  
a little  
silver  
piece of the ocean  
Ed George

Dear Electricity,  
you're nice and I like you, but  
you scare me.  
there are more telephone poles  
than people in the united states of america  
this afternoon  
november second  
nineteen seventy

Ed George

## SNOWFLAKE

In the late fall I drop from the skys,  
Meeting elders below shouting sad crys.  
The faces of children emit joyous glows  
As their mothers don them in heavier clothes.

In the singular I'm beautiful; like a work of art,  
And I'm also important; a full season I start.  
To some, my arrival brings sadness I'm told.  
But only because I come with the cold.

In the plural I cover lands with a fresh, clean rug,  
While mothers all over fear their kids get the "bug".  
From in the warm house people love all that white,  
But one step outside and it's me that they fight.

In the spring I die and am on my way,  
And now even the young don't want me to stay.  
I'm really so pretty, yet year after year,  
Around the same time, I turn into a tear.

Nancy Havens

## HANNAH

she makes flower salads  
in the high morning  
she looks through bottles at her dog  
she spreads laughter  
over the greenyard  
and gives her time to children's games  
always . . . always smiling  
Ed George

## Oh! Cloudy Sky of Night

Oh! Cloudy sky of night  
You offer pure delight  
to those below you  
Such beauty that you give  
I wish that I could live  
your carefree life.  
You drift from here to there  
As if without a care  
you are so lucky  
You float across the sky  
Ten thousand miles higher  
than I'll ever be.

Donald P. Brown

so you can't get to know  
someone  
on a thousand  
and long talks  
make you forget that  
I care enough to say  
goodbye.  
Dawna

## HOW TO RIDE A HORSE

Nothin', ta', peddle,  
Nothin', ta', do,  
Just kickk the horse,  
Nancy Havens



